

# Western Register & Chronicle

HAPGOOD & ADAMS.

A Weekly Family Journal, Devoted to Freedom, Agriculture, Literature, Education, Local Intelligence, and the News of the Day.

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WARREN, TRUMBULL COUNTY, OHIO. WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1861.

WHOLE NO. 2314

## Poetry.

### THE FIRST PRINTED BOOK.

BE W. R. DAVENPORT ADAMS.  
The first printed book, it is said was produced by Faust and Schaeffer at Mainz, August 14, 1457.  
When moving bow and thoughtful eye,  
The printers sit in their secret room—  
And the marvellous letters about them lie—  
And the mystic press stands apart in the gloom.  
Before them spreads each daily line  
Of the book just from their gentle thought;  
Arise, oh moon! let thy lustre shine  
On the wonderful work their brains have wrought!  
Oh, World, take heed! we saw the seed—  
Oh, World, beware when the millions read!  
Shine out, oh moon! on the printed book—  
The first-begotten from yonder press—  
Into the dusky chamber look.  
And gild with thy glow the great success—  
Light up the pale with thy secret beam—  
The sunbeams light up the world  
Of the printer's art, his brain inspire.  
With the victor's joy who wins the goal!  
Oh, World, take heed! we saw the seed—  
Oh, World, beware when the millions read!  
Brother, oh, brother! heart is aghast  
With burning thoughts! Oh, happy man!  
The cloud, and the storm, and the shadowy night,  
Shall surely vanish! Hail! we plan  
A noble work for the coming time—  
To carry the torch from hand to hand;  
Metaphors, the bells of the future chime  
Triumphal music in every land!  
Oh, World, take heed! we saw the seed—  
Oh, World, beware when the millions read!  
No more shall Wisdom meanly lie  
In the scholar's cell—nor poet's strain.  
Nor eagle's thought in secret wait to find  
Brain shall responsive speak to mind!  
The humblest mind in the lowliest cell  
Shall bless the page where genius gleams  
With a light and a glory unending  
And lay his soul in the bravest dream!  
We saw the seed, but, World, take heed!  
Oh, World, beware when the millions read!  
Oh, God! may our work be never ceased  
To speed the path of the profane;  
For with noble, tender fancy gleamed  
And generous thoughts, 'twill never die!  
Let Truth lie sparkling in every line—  
Let Virtue triumph o'er each page;  
Then let the Press be a Thing Divine—  
The priest and prophet of every Age!  
Oh, World, take heed! we saw the seed—  
Oh, World, beware when the millions read!  
"Twill bless with a thousand joys the world;  
For when the flag of the free is unfurled,  
And when the strong are cowed by the weak,  
When Genius dreads to speak his word,  
When Poverty gains a helping hand,  
When Anger in the silence stings,  
And Truth, and Faith, and hope have birth  
Spontaneous from the happy Earth,  
All men—all times—all battles shall bless  
The Work achieved by the Printing Press!  
Oh, World, take heed! we saw the seed—  
Oh, World, beware when the millions read!

## Miscellaneous.

It was my custom while journeying in the Old City of St. Domingo, to go out to the market place in the morning at sunrise.  
I had many reasons for this practice—At this hour the breeze was cool and exhilarating and I needed a walk somewhat brisk in the market place, crowded with people were congregated, and I had a better opportunity to observe their habits and manners, and tho' I could not understand their Spanish lingo, still there was pleasure in listening to the soft rolling sound, so much like music, and especially was there pleasure in watching their postures and reading as you may of the deaf and dumb by signs, the subject matter discussed among them.  
A third reason was that the strange fruits and vegetables of the Island were here brought together, and I had opportunities of making enquiries of two or three who spoke English, and learning the qualities and uses of articles to me wholly incomprehensible without their explanations.  
On Fridays I failed not in my devotion to the fish market, not on account of any antipathy to stowed pigeons or roast beef, usually through our table at the old Hotel Du Commerce. But simply because the beauty there displayed was so wonderful, that the feast to my eyes was more desirable than the anticipated feast to my palate.  
Dame nature was a gay "modest" when she attired these scaly and finny inhabitants of the deep in their summer suits—A table-stall filled with the richest broquets, could not vie with them in color, and as they lay sparkling and glowing in the slant beams of the morning sun, one would hardly endure the idea of eating them fresh.  
Purple and gold, crimson and scarlet, violet and blue, orange and amber, all colors and all shades of the rainbow appeared, and blended, and rendered more brilliant by the shifty pearls, thro' which they shone, one never tired gazing upon them. And then their endless variety of shape, short and long, broad and flat, curled and straight, round and square, scaly and smooth, with tail and without. Ah! if Barnum could have gotten only one morning's variety in St. Domingo or Cuba for his Aquarial Gardens, would he not have the world at the feet of his stairs? But I did not begin this story to tell about the fish market, that needs a tale by itself.  
There was another reason why I went to the market in the morning.  
The first time I made my appearance in that strange place, I noticed a young woman

standing alone, a little way from the buyers and sellers. She was taller than most of the women about, straight as an arrow and very slender. Her gown which seemed her only garment, hung loosely from her emaciated shoulders, and was of faded calico, soiled and torn—wrapping the upper part of her body, as is the custom there was an old silk shawl that had once been as brilliant as the fish, but its beauty was passing away, as would the shining luster of those same "fish" if they were exposed to the tropical sun till the morrow. Her hair was glossy and black as I discovered from a stray curl that floated out against her will, from beneath an old Madras handkerchief that bound her head. I never saw that curl but once, tho' I met poor Mamette every time I went to the market square. She stood so still and silent, with her white hands folded across her heart. Her eyes, sparkling as jewels, peered upon something afar off, something longed for, waited for, watched for, but which never came—all this I read at a glance.  
I watched for a half-hour—was she married? I saw no sign of a husband in the market place. Or was she a corpse with the eyes alive, set up horizontally and decked for the coffin?  
"Let us go nearer to that strange figure," Madame Fanny said.  
"Oh! Mon Dieu," exclaimed my little French woman, "that is poor Mamette, she is crazed."  
"Let us speak to her."  
"She will think you have come with tidings from France."  
"And who is France?"  
"Ah! Mon Dieu, 'tis a long sad story, but come I will introduce you."  
We approached the statue and Madame, in Spanish, introduced me as her friend from America.  
Scarce were the last sounds uttered ere the agile thing unlashed her arms and springing like a cat, several feet, she landed near me and seized my proffered hand.  
"Oh! what a face that will I ever forget! No, never. How it lighted up, glowed, sparkled, beamed, as passion after passion and thought after thought swept over it. Shall I attempt to describe it? As we might I attempt to describe an Amazon, Boreas, or a flood of summer light, shining through a sunset sunset cloud. It was beautiful! magnificently beautiful.  
She threw her arms about and with the significant gestures of her race, gave expression to her words, as they were poured out in a kind of wailing music.  
"What is it, Madame Fanny?" I asked.  
"She is asking for her lover."  
"A-kin to her for her lover?"  
"Ah! Mon Dieu! she asks every one with a white face for her Francois."  
"Where has he gone?"  
"Si, Si, she, turning to the poor maniac girl. (Si is yes, in Spanish).  
"Si, Si, petit Mamette."  
"She is asking for her lover, or the boys will gather round her and do her harm, she gets frantic when she sees folks from over the sea."  
"Shaking the poor girl's hands, we left her, holding them to our eyes and sobbing in broken sentences for her long lost Francois.  
"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed Madame, again for the school boy in a sentimental expression, (meaning in English, My God, and at the same time crossing herself).  
"Mon Dieu! Francois was one wicked man. God forgive him!"  
"I'll tell you about it, Madame."  
"Mamette was the prettiest child ever seen in the city, when she was sixteen. Her father was one of the richest Don of the old Spanish race. She was a queen in his Estancia, and tho' there were no slaves, yet he had his retinue of followers, that did her bidding, and adorned her morning and eve, with the richest dresses, and braided her jetty hair with hued in wavy folds to her feet when she sat erect.  
"Francis Drake, as she called her Francois, was the son of a Boston merchant, who sent his ships over to our Isle for many a long year. One autumn his son, the young Francois, came supercargo for his father, and stayed through the general winter months.  
"The old Don, Bob dilla, one of the lineal descendants of the tyrant whose vindictive notice sent Columbus home to Spain, was the son of a Boston merchant, and invited the fascinating young Bostonian to his Estancia and introduced him to his daughter.  
"In the soft indulgence of our climate, with Mamette as his lovely companion, he dallied away the winter, and when the spring began to blow and the rains to fall he still tarried.  
"At last when the fever began to ravage the island, he grew frightened, and wrote to return with the autumn sunshines, he left Mamette weeping for him and only to be comforted by the promise that she should see him when he came back—  
"Ah! Mon Dieu, how charming he was, with his auburn hair and bright blue eyes. Goodness too, as a young palm tree, and how he taught Mamette to love him, and he taught her the poor motherless thing to ruin. Before the orange began to turn golden, or the mangoes were gone in the fall, her baby was born.  
"Twas a cruel blow to old Bob dilla, to have this bright light of his race bring down upon his noble house, by this little love with a stranger—  
"The young Francois, who denied their faith and scoffed at their Saints and Priests.  
"The father drove her from his doors—  
"The Priest threatened her with excommunication if she did not repent and pay large tithes to the church, and renounce forever her false love. The last was not to be done, and old Bob dilla died soon after.  
"Poor Mamette—she wandered about with her face closely veiled and weeping, for many months, always holding her sweet baby that looked like Francois, close in her arms. Every ship that came in she sought tidings from him.  
"At last late in the autumn of the next year, his ship came back, with Francis just as he rushed to the shore and stood waiting, trembling, almost fainting, holding her sweet baby, by the hand, to meet his father. The old Captain came ashore, she sprang to him, asking for Francois."

"Francis, do you mean Frank Drake, my pretty Signoretta? and who is this? the father this is Frank's boy. His eyes, his hair his lips, his nose, his fine fellow, you have a brother in the States not half as good looking as you."  
"Oh sir, what did you say," asked Mamette in soft Spanish. She had let go the hands of her boy, a thing she seldom did, and clasped her own white hands over her breast and stood with parted lips and flashing eyes as we followed a young man to the place.  
"Say," shouted the old Captain, "why I say Frank Drake is married, my beauty, and has a boy most as pretty as yours, the rascal."  
"The little Francois had tumbled to the edge of the plank that overhung the water, and just as the old Capt. spoke the last words, a plunge was heard, Mamette sprang forward and made another. But the strong arm of a sailor caught her, and held her to a huge shark rise to the surface. There was a gurgling scream, a cry of pain on the wave and all was over.  
"Mon Dieu! Poor Mamette, she is thirty years old now, and just down there you see she sits day after day looking with strained eyes for the incoming ship. Every morning she comes to the market, because she needs American sailors there, and if one looks at her, she springs to meet him and asks for Francois."  
"Told in the story of Madame Fanny, told in French, French, for though she speaks both French and Spanish well, her English was hard to be understood.  
"Did she never ask for her boy?" I enquired.  
"Ah! Mon Dieu! Never; she only remembered Francois."  
"Mon Dieu! He is one wicked devil to cheat poor Mamette so."  
"Day by day we met Mamette. Poor, simple creature—Mamette—crazed for fifteen years, one suffering, waiting, weeping in torture, but still beautiful, faithful and true to my foolish countenance.  
"Her spirit will some day pass out of that frail body, and if there be any truth in the theory that the departed can return to earth, she will come and bring to repentance, or to tortures of a guilty conscience, the man who has so cruelly crushed and blighted her young and beautiful life. To see this sweet waiting slave, to take her hand in mine, to weep tears of sympathy with this poor wronged one, was my last reason for going in the morning to the strange old Market of St. Domingo."

## WEBSTER'S PICTORIAL UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY.

We commend Webster's Dictionary to our readers as one of the most valuable works of its kind ever published, and on which no man who seeks to have a well appointed library can afford to be without—New York Tribune.  
No Library can be deemed complete which has not the Illustrated Webster—Liverpool Transcript.  
We would say to every young man and woman in the land, you want nothing but the Bible and Webster's Quarto Dictionary. Master these, and you are master of the English language—New York Water-ley.  
More than ever is the book, a necessary article in the school-room, and in the family where learning and literature have places. We had the curiosity to examine with a microscope some of the engravings, and compared them with steel engravings in bank notes, and found the illustrations often equally good. Sometimes better. None but a teacher, or an intelligent parent, can estimate how valuable these eighty pages of illustrations are. Though we have two or three dictionaries at home, occupying the same shelf with our Webster, we have long since ceased to consult them for any of the ordinary purposes of a Dictionary—Boston Watchman and Reflector.  
There is no Dictionary in the English language which can compare with it for general use—St. Louis Democrat.  
The great work unabridged. If you are too poor, save the amount from off your back, to put it into your head—Phenological Journal.  
Every body knows about Webster's Dictionary, and every man woman and child ought to have access to it.  
We rejoice that the public award is strongly testifying our long cherished conviction, that Noah Webster was decidedly the best lexicographer who has treated the English language. —New York Tribune.  
In its admirable definitions, its accurate philology, its copiousness, its sound sense, and its perfect execution, it is fast receiving the judgment of the learned world, as it has no equal—New York Ecologist.  
STIMULANTS.  
The Louisville Journal beautifully says: "There are times when the pulse lies low in the bosom and beats slow in the veins when the spirit sleeps the sleep, apparently that knows no waking, and its house of clay, and the window-shutters are closed, and the door is hung with the invisible, and the golden sunshine pitchy blackness, and very willing to fancy clouds where no clouds be. This is a state of sickness when physics may be thrown to the dogs, for we will have none of it. What shall raise the sleeping slaves? What shall make the heart beat and the veins pulsate, and the blood to flow through the arteries? What shall make the sun kiss the Eastern hills again for us with all his old awaking gladness, and the night overflow with moonlight music, love and flowers? I love itself is the great stimulant—the most intoxicating of all—and performs all these miracles, but it is a vain to itself, and is not at the drug store, whatever they say. The counterfeit is in the market, but the wined god will not be a money-changer, we assure you.  
"Men have tried many things—but still they use but the floating dead of their own kind, the wine cup, but the corpse will rise. We see their faces in the bubble, the intoxicating drinks set the world whirling again, and the pulses playing music, and the thoughts galloping—but the fast clock runs down sooner; and the unnatural stimulation only leaves the house fit with wildest revelry more silent, more sad, more deserted, more dead.  
"By the use of stimulants that never fails, and yet never intoxicates. Duty—Duty puts a blue sky over every man—up in his heart, may be."  
HOW COFFEE CAME TO BE USED.—It is somewhat singular to trace the manner in which the use of coffee, without which few persons, in any half or wholly civilized country in the world, now make a breakfast. As it has never been known or used in any part of the world, it was discovered in Arabia, it was the superior of a monastery in Arabia, who, desirous of preventing the monks from sleeping at their nocturnal services, made them drink the infusion of coffee, upon the report of shepherds, who observed that their flocks were more lively after browsing on the fruit of the plant. Its reputation spread through the adjacent country, and in about two hundred years it reached Paris. A single plant brought there in 1714 became the parent stock of all the French coffee plantations in the West Indies. The Dutch introduced it into Java and the East Indies, and the Spanish and French all over South America and the West Indies. The extent of the consumption can now hardly be realized. The United States alone annually consume it at a cost on its landing from fifteen to sixteen millions of dollars.  
MUNIFICENT ENDOWMENT.—An institution of learning for young women probably the most extensive and complete in the world has just been chartered by the New York Legislature. It is to be located at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and will be known as the Vassar Female College, the originator and principal endower being Matthew Vassar, of Poughkeepsie. His donation to this magnificent charity amounts to \$100,000 the largest benefaction probably ever made to the public by an individual in this country while living. The buildings for the college, which will be 500 feet in length, and most perfect in their design, are already contracted for, the contract price being nearly \$100,000. Provisions have been made for the free education of a certain number of pupils, who are poor but deserving of aid.

## ABOUT GLOVES.

The name of the inventor of the glove is not recorded by the faithful historians of a fiction. Like other inventions of ancient date, it has doubtless received successive improvements during its transmission to our times, and even now, who will say that it is not capable of many more? If Adam and Eve ever wore gloves, it was probably only as the Romans wore them—to protect the skin from thorns during their gardening operations, a practice, by the way, which Varro thinks "more honorable in the breast than the observance," as fruits, he tells us, gathered by the naked hand are preferable to those gathered with a glove. In one of the letters of the younger Pliny we are told of a certain augur, who always accompanied his uncle with a book and all the implements of writing, and who wore gloves in winter, at the severity of the weather should cause him to lose time. From this anecdote it may be inferred, first, that the Romans did not wear gloves as part of their usual dress, notwithstanding the speech which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of the messenger in "Coriolanus."  
The dumb man I have seen, and the blind, to hear him speak, while matrons flung down gloves.  
Ladies, who make their search and handkerchiefs, upon him as he passed.  
And, secondly, that the earliest form of glove attire—namely, a sort of bag with a thumb-hole, and a hole for the fingers, had taken root then among young children—and then among men, and more convenient shape, else it would scarcely have facilitated the occupation of a scribe.  
THE IMPORTATION OF SNAKES—ANA-ONDAS BY THE MILE.  
It has just come to light that the captain of certain vessels trading between New York and the Panama and Martham Islands, B. Zell, is in the habit of importing to our neighborhood those cheerful reptiles known as anacondas. Within the past year these obliging lovers of the horrible, the natural, and the true, have landed upon our wharves no less than fifty-two well advanced serpents and two families of infants, (anacondas always under one consisting of fifty-five and the other of forty-one living little creatures, averaging eighteen inches in length, and rather small in the waist. This estimate sums up the entire length of the party at one hundred and thirty-nine feet six inches, the fifty-one heads (and tails) of families measure seven hundred and forty-two feet, above sixteen feet each, making a total length of eight hundred and eighty-one feet six inches, deposited upon these free and enlightened shores. If stretched along Fifth Avenue—a mere supposition—the footless creatures would extend from Fourteenth street to beyond eighteenth street. During the last fortnight two vessels, the schooner Fleetwood and brig Emma, have brought fifteen—each measuring twenty-six feet in length and thirty inches in width—these are literally none in Kansas. Let a package go from every neighborhood. One hundred thousand bushels of Spring wheat are necessary for seed. May we not hope that the people of Ohio will contribute of their abundance to furnish this wheat, and pay freight on seal corn and potatoes, and thus enable our people in a short time to place themselves above all want. Wheat can be purchased in Illinois and Iowa for from 50 to 60 cts per bushel. Corn and potatoes in the same localities will be raised in abundance, if money can be raised to pay the freight. May we not hope that the people of Ohio will go to work, canvass their cities, counties, towns and villages, and send the needed wheat to Kansas, and thus share of this relief? What is done should be done immediately. Wheat should be sown in February, and no time should be lost. Clothing and seeds should be sent to S. C. Pomroy, Atchison, Kansas, (marked) "Kansas Relief-clothing" (or seeds).  
Money should be sent to Gov. Wm. Dennison, Columbus, Ohio, by whom it will be forwarded to Kansas to pay freight or to pay for wheat.  
S. N. WOOD, Council Grove, K. T.  
H. T. JOHNSON, Leavenworth City, K. T.  
We think the people of Ohio need no urging in a case like this. We present the needs of the people of Kansas, who have been sorely tried by the evil attendant upon an unprecedented drought, believing that they will promptly respond by forwarding the desired relief. Those who wish to aid in the purchase of seed wheat, etc., can forward their contributions to Gov. Wm. Dennison, Columbus, Ohio; and those who wish to furnish garden seeds, clothing, etc., can make up packages in their respective localities and forward, direct to S. C. Pomroy, as indicated above.  
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## THE DESTITUTION IN KANSAS.

To the people of Ohio:  
The undersigned, who have been appointed a Committee to solicit seeds, clothing, etc., for the people of Kansas many of whom were rendered almost destitute by the recent drought in that Territory, have the gratification to state that they have learned that, owing to the prompt response of the people of Ohio to other States to the call for relief, but little actual suffering from want of food now exists in Kansas. It should not be forgotten, however, that some thirty thousand of the one hundred and ten thousand now inhabiting the Territory, must be fed and clothed until harvest, and seeds should be furnished so that the people there may be able to supply themselves with food for the future. Reliable accounts received from Kansas state that many families literally raised nothing in 1860, and as destitute of garden seeds, potatoes, corn and wheat for seed the approaching spring. The object of this appeal is to urge upon you the immediate necessity that these wants should be supplied, and to be useful, relief should be forwarded without delay. We solemnly herewith a statement of the needs of the people of Kansas, furnished us by H. P. Johnson, Esq., of Leavenworth, and S. C. Wood, of Council Grove, K. T.  
We feel like expressing our heartfelt thanks to the people of Ohio for their prompt and generous contributions for the relief of the destitute in Kansas. Owing to the unprecedented drought in our Territory, at least thirty thousand people are rendered destitute of the common necessities of life—food and clothing. To our certain knowledge, families have been all winter without shoes and necessary clothing. For days have whole neighborhoods been without any food except buffalo meat. Our people would willingly labor but business is at a stand-still, and the best can only provide for themselves. We need the contributions of the country much suffering has been removed, and we believe lives saved. Temporary relief has in fact been afforded, but much remains to be done. These thirty thousand people must be fed and clothed until next harvest, and even then, such relief amounts to but little. Unless our people possess the means of future existence, food cannot be sent from Ohio. Freight is too high; but the express companies have agreed to carry money and clothing free. Let each neighborhood in Ohio then contribute a box of good common clothing, boots and shoes, jeans and satinetts for men, flannels, muses and calico for women particularly, are desirable. Next we need garden seeds of all kinds. There are literally none in Kansas. Let a package go from every neighborhood. One hundred thousand bushels of Spring wheat are necessary for seed. May we not hope that the people of Ohio will contribute of their abundance to furnish this wheat, and pay freight on seal corn and potatoes, and thus enable our people in a short time to place themselves above all want. Wheat can be purchased in Illinois and Iowa for from 50 to 60 cts per bushel. Corn and potatoes in the same localities will be raised in abundance, if money can be raised to pay the freight. May we not hope that the people of Ohio will go to work, canvass their cities, counties, towns and villages, and send the needed wheat to Kansas, and thus share of this relief? What is done should be done immediately. Wheat should be sown in February, and no time should be lost. Clothing and seeds should be sent to S. C. Pomroy, Atchison, Kansas, (marked) "Kansas Relief-clothing" (or seeds).  
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## Variety.

THE FATAL YES.  
Mr. Black is a very worthy and quick citizen; but phrenologists say that his lump of dissection is largely developed of the truth of which you can easily assure yourself, if you watch him walking through the streets, his arms swinging from side to side, his eyes gazing into vacancy and his coat tails flapping behind him.  
A few days ago while walking up Tremont way, Mr. B. suddenly remembered that he had some friends to dine with him, and found it. He said, passing his hand over his chin, "I am very much in need of being shaved." Seeing the barber shop, he entered it, shaved himself in a chair, and stretched out his neck to the figure of the place.  
"Shaved, sir?" inquired the barber, the man of razors.  
"Yes," replied Mr. B. in the same strain.  
Soon the face of our hero disappeared under a thick coat of shaving-soap, which was removed to give place to another edition of the same. Finally the operation was finished. During this time, Mr. B. was a wild head—wood-cutting, in Egypt, his eyes half shut, in a kind of magnetic dream, he was engaged in the manipulation which the Egyptian magicians performed. He dreamt that the shaving place on the barber's chair was some ghastly scene found in the tombs of the old Pharaohs, by that indefatigable mummy-hunter, Layard.  
"Shompson, sir?" said the barber.  
An indistinct "Yes" escaped from the lips of our friend. The man had asked, "Will you have your hair shaved?" and would have been the same. Soon the unfortunate subject's head was enveloped in a substance which gave it the appearance of an old hulk of horse hair covered with snow-dunes. Then he was carried under the fountain, and the cock-tailed head of the water decanted upon his tormented head.  
The very sudden shock awoke him from his dream. He remembered that he had got a wife in the land of Egypt in the time of Ch. 9, or perhaps that of New York in the year of our Lord 1860. However the barber continued his work, rubbing and scrubbing with all his might, he finished by pulling off his wig. Mr. B. jumped up in rage, snatched off a razor, and stopping short at the sight of the face of the frightened barber, could only burst out laughing, which ended by the five or six witnesses of the scene joining in heartily. Mr. B. received back his wig shining with renewed splendor. Merely when a man wears a wig, there is no reason why he should not be shaved; but there are objections to being shaved.  
[Translated from the Courrier des Etats Unis.]  
MEMORABLE SPEECHES.—We desire to emulate the following extraordinary, sublime, eloquent, and elegant orations. The first is said to have been delivered before a court of justice in Pennsylvania: "Your honor sits high upon the throne of justice, like the Asiatic rock of Gibraltar, while the eternal stream of justice, like the cascading cataracts of the valley, flow merrily at your extended feet."  
The next is by a celebrated lawyer of New Jersey: "Your honors, I fancy, do not sit there like marble statues, to be waited about by every idle brain."  
Next, the soul-stirring opening of a western oration: "The important crisis which were about to have arrived, have arrived."  
Last, but not least, one that locates itself: "The court will please to observe that the gentleman from the East has given them a very learned speech. He has read with old Bonaparte, soaked with old Socrates, ripped with Euripides, and centered with Cantharides, but what—your honor—what does he know about the law of old Arkansas?"  
I understand, Mr. Jones, that you can turn a yiffing peater than any other man in town."  
"Yes, Mr. Jones, I said so."  
"Mr. Jones, I don't like to brag, but there's no man on earth that can turn anything better than I can whistle it."  
"Pooh, nonsense! Mr. Smith! talk about whistling! What can you whistle as well as I can?"  
"Anything, everything," Mr. Jones. Just name the article that I can't whistle that you can turn, and I'll give you a dollar if I don't do it to the satisfaction of all these persons present."  
"Mr. Smith, suppose we take two grindstones for trial; you may whistle and I will turn."  
As inexcusable gentlemen were taken with meeting in the cars, lately, after sneezing in the most spasmodic manner, he thus addressed his nasal organ indignantly, saying, "O, go on—go on—you'll blow your internal organs out presently!"  
EAST MINER.—At some earlier country fairs was convicted, and brought up and sentenced. The judge asked him if he had anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced, and was somewhat astonished at the answer: "I don't know's I have; I ain't got no money!"  
A man advertises for a "competent" person to undertake the sale of a new medicine, and adds that "it will be profitable to the undertaker."  
Mrs. PARSONS expresses her apprehension that the people in the gold regions will be lured to death, as papers are constantly announcing the opening of another vein.  
"Wife is it, indeed, that whenever we send a word of text or edicts to the grocer, it falls half an ounce short?"  
"Oh, yes, just a weight he has."